

Hair Falling?

You certainly cannot lose your hair and keep it. Which shall it be? Lost? Then do nothing. Keep? Then use Ayer's Hair Vigor. That is about all there is to it. Ayer's Hair Vigor is also a splendid hair-dressing and hair-tonic. It keeps the hair soft and smooth and greatly promotes its growth. It does not color the hair. Consult your doctor freely. Doctors are studying these hair questions much more than in former days.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. George Kepner and two children returned to her home in St. Louis Monday morning after an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott.

SKIN DISEASES

Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Ringworm, Itch, Acne or other skin troubles can be promptly cured by

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STOPS ITCHING INSTANTLY. Cooling, Soothing and the Greatest Healing Ointment Ever Applied to an Inflamed Surface.

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Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE. It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

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LOCAL BRIEFS

H. T. Phillips spent Wednesday in Concordia.

T. C. Sawyer went to Independence Thursday on business.

R. B. Berrie went to Kansas City Wednesday on business.

Ed Stiet went to Kansas City Friday morning on business.

E. M. Taubman went to Fulton Tuesday night on business.

O. S. Schweer returned to his home in Blairtown, Mo., Monday.

Louis Eekle arrived from Butler, Monday for a few days' stay.

Gholson Russell went to Kansas City Tuesday for a few days' visit.

Miss Caltha Campbell went to Kansas City Tuesday to spend a few days.

Miss Susie Lesueur returned Monday evening from a visit in Kansas City.

Edward Aull went to Kansas City Wednesday to spend the day on business.

Lucian Lesueur went to Kansas City Tuesday to spend the day on business.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Wilson went to Kansas City Wednesday to spend the day.

Clude Marquis and Ike Noyes went to Concordia Tuesday morning on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gratz went to Kansas City Tuesday evening for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Humphrey went to Kansas City Tuesday morning for a few days' visit.

W. C. Gower arrived from Los Angeles, California, Monday night to spend several days here on business.

Miss Jean Wiley and brother Charles left Wednesday for Spokane, Wash., to visit their brother, Ben.

Makes the Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on the fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. Its quick healer of boils, ulcers, eczema, sore lips or piles. 25 cents at Crenshaw & Young.

Henry Chiles went to Liberty Monday to attend the Commencement exercises of William Jewell College.

Move On Now

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows. 25 cents at Crenshaw & Young.

Rev. C. Lewis Fowler returned Wednesday from Liberty where he has been attending the Commencement exercises of William Jewell College.

SAVE ALL YOUR CHICKS

SAVE-ALL TABLETS positively guaranteed to save 85 per cent of all chicks hatched. White diarrhoea and bowel troubles banished. Results over night. Send name and get liberal sample free by return mail. Try for yourself at our expense. Save-All Remedy Co., Desk 2, Lee's Summit, Mo.

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The AMATEUR

A Tale of Love and Jealousy



DEAR, the amateur said, "at last my chance has come. I am to play the leading part in a real play, produced by the Comedy club. Think of it, an amateur playing a big lead!"

"Oh! I shall show you that my ambition to become an actor is a just one. I tell you, girl, I know he spoke with conviction, "that I have talent."

"My amateur!" she stroked his hand lovingly. "I shall be very proud of your success. In fact, I am always proud of you." She looked with adoration upon his dark, handsome face. "I wish I could do something to help you." She smiled wistfully. "But if thinking success can bring it, it's yours already."

"You dear, winsome girl!" He rose and drew her to him. "I'm lucky to have your love, and as soon as I become a real actor we can be married."

"I'm glad!" For a minute she rested her head on his shoulder, nestling close.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to see you again until the night of the play." He held her at arm's length. "You understand, don't you? We rehearse every evening, and of course I can't give up at the office yet, so my days are also full. But I won't love you any less because I don't see you. You believe that?"

"Yes," she nodded, "but I shall miss you."

"Two weeks will pass quickly, and I shall send you a box for the performance. . . . It's only right," he added, proudly, "that the fiancée of the star should be conspicuous."

"Good luck to the amateur!" she laughed happily, kissing him good night.

After the amateur had gone the girl sat thinking, trying to find some way to help him.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "The man can do something. I will ask him to accompany me to the play. He and I will go alone, as no one else, not even father, could understand my nervousness during his performance."

Before retiring the girl wrote a note to the man, telling him what she wanted him to do for the amateur for her sake. . . . The man received and answered the note the following day, accepting the invitation.

As the man's car drew up to the entrance of the theater the girl laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Suppose he should not make good?" Her voice quivered. "Then, you—"

"Dear girl," the man spoke reassuringly, "I will make full allowance for the amateur, because you love him so dearly."

The curtain was up when they took their seats in the left stage box. The amateur was on, but didn't see them, as his back was toward the box.

It was not until the big scene in the second act that the amateur was able to look for the girl. . . . He had the center, and for a moment his glance wandered over the footlights, then rested upon the left box, where, sitting well forward and close to the man, whose arm encircled her chair, was the girl. . . . All the pent-up love of her nature was in her eyes when they met his, but, looking swiftly from her, he caught the man's eye, and a sudden spasm of jealousy shot through him.

"There he was working with all his strength to win success for her," he thought, viciously, "and she sat calmly by, not reveling in his triumph, but obviously enjoying the companionship of another man, and a handsome one at that!"

The girl smiled the winsome little smile that he loved, and blew him a kiss, but they were unheeded by the fierce anger that raged in his soul against the man, who with perfect repose watched his every move.

"I hate him!" he thought. "He's taking her from me! I hate him! I

hate him!" And unconscious of his part he tore wildly across the stage, until when quite close to the box his cue came. He gasped, stuttered, but his mind was a blank; all thought of lines had gone. He stared helplessly at the girl, and in the surge of his emotions even the voice of the prompter was drowned.

The leading lady came to his assistance as best she could, but his climax was pitifully weak and the denouement a hopeless failure.

At the fall of the curtain the girl turned to the man with tears in her eyes, and a half sob escaped when she tried to speak.

He wrapped her cloak about her, and in the rush of conversation they slipped out unnoticed.

She cried softly all the way home, and it was not until she was saying a good night that she had the courage to ask the man what he thought of the amateur's work.

"I thought in the first act he had some of the 'stuff' in him, but—well, he lacks control, and I don't believe he can ever be anything but an amateur. I'm sorry, for your sake."

Shortly after the departure of the man the amateur arrived.

He came as one ashamed, hesitating on the threshold; then with a trace of his old pride, he suddenly took her in his arms.

Gently she pushed him from her. "Why did you fail?" she asked.

"Because," he answered simply, "I was jealous. Can you forgive me? For a minute I hated him, for I thought he had stolen you from me. Who is he?"

"Don't you know?" Surprise was in every word. "Why, he is the man

"I Hate Him!"

of the theatrical world; the one manager they all strive to act before. I have always known him; and he would have given—"

"Girl! Do you mean that I had a chance with him? That he might have placed me?"

"Yes; but now he says you're only an amateur, and I know he's right. I could have forgiven the failure, and might have loved you more for it, but not the jealousy. I'm a woman, and I know happiness never lies along the road of jealousy and suspicion. You see, my amateur, it takes only a little thing to kill a woman's love, and yet it's harder to kill than a man's, but when it dies, it's quite as dead."

"Girl! Girl!" he cried. "I didn't know! Give me another chance. I'll be different! Oh, forgive me and let me try again! I can't give you up so easily—"

"Perhaps some day, when you have learned to play your part well," she said sadly; yet in her words he detected a ray of hope.

"I shall study faithfully." Reverently he took her hand. The door banged softly, and the girl was alone.

"And he will," she said slowly, "for I believe in him."—New York Press.

SENSE OF PROPRIETY.

"No," said the beautiful actress, "I can't have him for my leading man. You must engage somebody else."

"But," the manager protested, "he is a splendid actor, and just fitted for this part."

"I know. Still I can't have him in my company. He was my husband once."

"Oh! Never mind that. The public has forgotten all about it."

"The public may have forgotten it, but how would it look for me to have a man who is paying me alimony for my leading support?"



"I Hate Him!"

Colorado

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Pen 3. Headed by a Cockerel that took first at Higginsville and second at Lexington Poultry Shows. This pen should produce good stock. Per setting \$1.00.

Pen 2. Headed by a Cockerel that took first at Lexington and Concordia Poultry Shows. He weighs 9 pounds. He is mated to first pen Pullets at Concordia Poultry Show. Per setting \$1.00.

Pen 1. Headed by a Cockerel that took first and shape special at Kansas State Poultry Show Jan., 1917. He is mated to 4 Pullets that took first pen at Lexington Poultry Show and 3 pullets that took 1st, 2nd and 3rd at Higginsville Poultry Show. Per setting \$1.00.

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